

A
MARVEL
of
MAGICK:



Madden

and the Dark Unicorns of Dank

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Magick: (noun) The ability to cause changes to the conformity of matter or reality by one's will (not to be confused with 'magic', which is the imitation of magick by artificial means for entertainment purposes).



Felled bark and rotten branches broke violently beneath heavy, frantic cloven hooves. The sparkling one-horned animal resembling a horse was being trailed keenly by something dark, something large. A tempest flew from the colorless form, hurling into the night sky, tossing the treetops as they hissed and quivered. Galloping swiftly through the thicket, a pearlescent unicorn ran for its life.

Closer and closer the howling, cracking, crumbling sound approached, but other than the destruction left in its path, the tenebrous power that followed remained indistinct. Strong, sleek legs pushed faster, harder, in an effort to elude the insidious specter, but the violent shadow rushed behind, gaining ground.

With a quick turn, the unicorn thrust its robust frame to face the devouring void. The elegant four-legged creature stepped backward, paused and reared, its head and horn held high. Dazzling beams of colorful light began to emanate from its pointed spiral, illuminating the vastness of its uncanny adversary. The monstrous shadow stirred and hesitated against the flaring luminescence, yet it continued to advance.

Still facing the strange enemy, the unicorn withdrew a second step and reared again, aiming its spear-tipped weapon as more vibrant photons poured from it. Thundering shrieks

and moans roared from the ghostly cloud as it pulsed, its size and shape fluctuating. Then it began to inflate and seeped forward, reaching out for the thing it desired.

With another quick turn, the unicorn jumped back into a gallop. This incredibly magickal creature was now being chased like a mortal animal.

What was this great dark devourer and where had it come from? What did it want? Unicorns were immortal and powerful, but they weren't invincible.

Continuing to push as fast as its hooves could carry it, the shining prey began to stumble and wane. Its legs slowed and buckled beneath it, as the cloud of shadow loomed nigh. Aware of the terror that was nearly closing in, the unicorn finally came to a halt. It could move no further. With its last bit of strength, it lifted its head high once more, but this time only a dim glow flickered from the point on its forehead. The shadow was upon it now. Darkness encompassed the magickal being and absorbed it into its emptiness. Nothing was left. Nothing but destruction.